LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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TO TOUSSAINT THE EMANCIPATOR.

Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den,
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not, do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow.

Live and take comfort. Thou has left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies,
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and Man's unconquerable mind.

—*Wordsworth.*

COMSTOCKISM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"After Bruce Purcell, a janitor, 3747 LaSalle street, admitted attacking Helen Lentz, nine years old, and then confessed the details of similar attacks on three other girls to the police in Stanton avenue station today, his wife, Mrs. A. Purcell, turned on him and cried:

"'You scoundrel! You ought to be hanged!'

"Her husband's alleged crimes were utterly unknown to her, she declared, until she heard the story of them from his own lips. . . . Purcell made his confessions in a chatty, nonchalant manner."—*Chicago American, July 2.*

* * *

"BLOOMINGTON, ILL., July 2.—The jury which has been hearing the evidence in the case of Drs. Carson and Kern, charged with being responsible for the death of Miss Nellie Clark, brought in a verdict of not guilty."—*Chicago American, July 2.*

* * *

"*He*—It is true that Miss Plutocrat has money, but she is very exacting. If young DeBroke marries her he'll have to give up smoking and drinking.

"*She*—If he doesn't marry her he will have to give up eating also."—*Chicago American, July 2.*

* * *

"MEHANOY, PA., July 2.—Despite the protests of her family Miss Rhoda Emily Crosby will on July 10 start for Loudis, Cal., to become the bride of a man she has never seen."—*Chicago American, July 2.*

* * *

"*The Maid*—You believe that the microbes in kisses are really dangerous?

"*The Bachelor*—Sure thing. They are responsible for a good many marriages."—*Chicago American, July 2.*

* * *

"Marie Krapadinski, twenty-four years old, died mysteriously early today at the home of Samuel Friedman, 213 Twenty-third street. Her death is being investigated by the police and coroner, in the belief that she committed suicide while despondent over a love affair."—*Chicago American, July 2.*

* * *

"Efforts are being made by friends of Benjamin C. Cocker, an Adrian (Mich.) millionaire, to suppress the scandal growing out of the charge made against Coeker by an Evanston policeman. The rich man's accuser makes a most serious charge against him. . . . The friends of Coeker were astounded at his arrest and subsequent confession."—*Chicago American, July 2.*

* * *

"Henry Alford Short, a wealthy clubman, son of a former professor of languages in Columbia university, and brother of Edward Lyman Short, the poet, was arrested this morning on the complaint of two girls, fourteen years of age. He is declared by the police to be one of many rich men who merit punishment on similar charges. . . . The police declare the misfortunes of scores of girls will be charged to Short."—*Chicago American, July 2.*

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"NEW YORK, July 2.—Harry K. Thaw killed Stanford White to protect, as he believed, the future of an heir to the Thaw name and millions."—*Chicago American, July 2.*

* * *

"There is no sex in sin. A reformed woman has as good a right to favors of society and the friendship of moral people as a reformed man."—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Chicago American, July 2.*

★ ★ ★

There is one day's record from a single issue of one of Mr. Hearst's papers. The first four items are from the first page of the paper. Two of the items are supposed to be humorous, but they throw a significant side light of the average newspaperman's view of the "sacredness" of marriage.

But what has Comstockism to do with it? Everything. In the first place it is safe to assume that none of the principals in the cases mentioned above ever read a single copy of LUCIFER.

It is safe to assume that all of them, with the exception of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, are firm believers in the double standard of sexual morality.

It is safe to assume that all of them were moral "conservatives" and believed thoroughly that sexual knowledge should not be imparted to *their* children. In fact, the debauchee is almost invariably a strict moralist—that is, he is an abstract moralist, favors condign punishment for the man who attacks the chastity of *his* wife, sister, mother or daughter, however regardless he may be of the chastity of other women and girls.

Even the homosexualist is almost invariably a moralist. Within the last year four clergymen in Chicago and vicinity have been disgraced by the facts becoming public of their relations with boys. One of the most brilliant preachers in Peoria, the campaign manager of ex-Governor Yates, who is a candidate for United States senator, committed suicide when he was threatened with exposure because of his relations with boys.

Even Oscar Wilde, whose brilliant intellect commanded the admiration of thousands, left a testament, "De Profundis," showing his real, not pretended, belief in the conventional sexual code. He kissed the rod which smote him. His posthumous book was a declaration, "Be sure your sin will find you out." *Yet* one of his personal friends, a man in whose veracity I have absolute confidence, informed me that after his release from prison Wilde was almost continuously under the influence of intoxicants and was accompanied in his wanderings by a boy (giton).

These facts are startling. They are psychological phenomena which deserve the study of alienists, physiologists, clergymen and jurists. Nevertheless—and right here is my indictment of Comstock—it is made a penitentiary offense to discuss in print the causes of the aberrations which threaten the annihilation of the human race. *It is the Comstock law that is promoting race suicide!*

"Criminal statistics," Krafft-Ebing declares in his "Psychopathia Sexualis," "prove the fact that sexual crimes are progressively increasing in our modern civilization. This is particularly the case with immoral acts with children under the age of fourteen.

"The moralist sees in these sad facts nothing but the decay of general morality, and in some instances comes to the conclusion that the present mildness of the laws punishing sexual crimes, in comparison with their severity in past centuries, is in part responsible.

"The medical investigator is driven to the conclusion that this

manifestation of modern social life stands in relation to the predominating nervous condition of later generations, in that it *begets defective individuals, excites the sexual instinct, leads to sexual abuse.*''

This being the case, and scarcely any intelligent person will dispute it, the importance of general knowledge of the sexual functions should be apparent. Yet, because of the activity of Comstock and his prurient allies, the statutes make it a crime to impart this knowledge. Because of this vicious law Moses Harman, the nation's greatest champion of the right of the child ''to be well born,'' is sent to a felon's cell. Society has not yet ceased crucifying its saviors.

But here is a still more startling assertion made by the distinguished pathologist and neurologist, Krafft-Ebing:

''*The perverse act does not indicate perversion of instinct.* At any rate, the most monstrous and most perverse sexual acts have been committed by persons of sound mind.''

The italics appear in the English translation of Krafft-Ebing's book, showing that the translator, if not the author, regards this fact as worthy of special emphasis. I quote from ''the only authorized translation of the tenth German edition,'' published by Keener & Co. in 1900.

Laws passed by legislators ignorant of the cause of these sexual aberrations have proved powerless to suppress them. A law might as well be passed against yellow fever or smallpox. In either case the law would be ineffective if not based on knowledge of the cause of phenomena legislated against.

A professor of mental and nervous diseases in one of the most noted medical colleges in America declared in a public lecture a few years ago that sensuality and occultism threatened the destruction of the race. Open discussion followed the lecture and many persons in his audience criticised the lecture by defending their beliefs in Christian Science, theosophy and spiritualism. I was the only person who challenged the speaker's assertion in regard to sensuality.

I cited the fact that some of the greatest men the world had known were grossly sensual—notably Julius Cæsar, Napoleon Bonaparte, Socrates, Plato and Alexander the Great—and mentioned the fact that the world owed its greatest poems, sculpture, music and other works of art to sensualism; that even the greatest religious hymns were little removed from amorous songs; that the Song of Songs in the Bible, the most beautifully picturesque poem which has been preserved in literature, is an erotic song.

In this connection it is worth while to note that Stanford White, the revelation of whose saturnalian orgies has shocked the civilized world, was one of the greatest architects the nineteenth century produced. His works were masterpieces of beauty; he adored beauty, and his adoration of the beauty of young chorus girls was partly the cause of his tragic death. I say partly the cause, but that part in itself was not degrading. It was inspiring and uplifting. The degrading part of his nature was his disregard of the consequences of his treatment of these girls.

It is worthy of attention, also, that Stanford White in his home life was a staunch supporter of the conventional sexual code. It is highly probable that he would have been inclined to shoot any man who would invite his wife or daughter to such orgies as those to which he invited susceptible chorus girls. Such men as Stanford White are strong supporters of Comstock for the protection of their own female relatives—always anxious to show their wives, sisters and daughters ''the steep and thorny way to heaven,'' while they themselves tread ''the primrose path of dalliance.''

What is the remedy? Laws and sermons have proved ineffective. Then shall we, with the fatuity of the pope who issued a bull against a comet, imagine that there is safety in a Comstock edict forbidding the investigation of an evil which makes women and girls the prey of sexual monsters?

Is it not easy to see that the evil cannot be eradicated by closing our eyes to it and by rearing boys and girls in ignorance of their sexual natures?

Could the terrible ravages of yellow fever and smallpox have been reduced to the degree to which they have been reduced if clergymen and legislators had done everything in their power to forbid the investigation or discussion of those diseases?

Is it not clear that sexual crimes are to a great degree the consequence of Comstockism?

ADDISON TUCKER.

There is nothing more terrible than energetic ignorance.—*Goethe* (Epigrammatic):

DIVISION OF ACCESSIONS
JUN 21 1943
RECEIVED

A VISIT TO HOME.

Some weeks ago I paid a visit of eleven days to Home, Wash. There may have been single days in my life that I enjoyed as much as any at Home, but certainly I never before had eleven such delightful days in succession. What Rome is to a Catholic, and Mecca to a Mahommedan, Home ought to be to every one who believes in Luciferism; so I need not apologize for giving some account of it.

It is situated on one of the beautiful bays of Puget Sound, about twenty-eight miles by water from Tacoma. It is reached by a steamer which sails from Commercial dock, Tacoma, at 2:30 p. m. every week day and some hours earlier on Sunday, the return boat leaving Home at 7:30 a. m. on week days and on Sunday afternoon. The round trip costs 75 cents.

The village was founded ten years ago by O. A. Verity, G. H. Allen and B. F. Odell. It has grown steadily ever since, and the population is now about 150. As the original land is now all occupied another settlement on similar lines is about to be established a mile away. The early settlers at Home were nearly all English-speaking people, but of late years other races have been coming in very fast, and at present the newcomers are most frequently Russian Jews, a very vigorous and intellectual race.

Home is not a communistic settlement. Each settler is economically independent of the rest, and carries on whatever business he pleases for his own profit. The people live to a very large extent on the produce of their own gardens, cows and poultry. Besides this they earn some money by sending fruit to market at Tacoma. Most of them very decidedly lead the simple life. Not much animal food is eaten, and liquor and tobacco are almost unknown. One Englishman who had lately arrived complained to me that he was deprived of his liberty to smoke, as the children jeered at him whenever he pulled out his pipe. To all appearances, however, the people are as healthy and happy as it is possible to be, and have a considerable amount of leisure.

Some of the Home people do not work there, but go away from time to time to earn their living on the outside, and then return to the village to spend their money. They believe that there is no place like Home. There are also a few residents of independent means who have settled there because of the charming society.

Although the people of Home are economic individualists they have some special economic arrangements of their own. No settler is allowed to have more than two acres of land. This amount is now considered rather little, however, and in the new settlement each person is to be allowed five. The wages of labor are 20 cents an hour for all persons, male or female, skilled or unskilled. This does not seem much, but living is so very cheap at Home that it is equal to a good deal more anywhere else. Any way, there is very little hiring of labor at Home.

It is not from an economic standpoint, however, that Home is interesting. If it has done little for economic freedom it will be forever memorable in the history of social freedom. I think it may safely be said that there has never been any other place in the world that so nearly realized these prophetic lines of Shelley:

> ''None talked that common, false, cold, hollow talk
> Which makes the heart deny the *yes* it breathes,
> Yet question that unmeant hypocrisy
> With such a self-mistrust as has no name.
> And women, too, frank, beautiful, and kind
> As the free heaven which rains fresh light and dew
> On the wide earth, past; gentle radiant forms,
> From custom's evil taint exempt and pure;
> Speaking the wisdom once they could not think,
> Looking emotions once they feared to feel,
> And changed to all which once they dared not be,
> Yet being now, made earth like heaven; nor pride,
> Nor jealousy, nor envy, nor ill shame,
> The bitterest of those drops of treasured gall,
> Spoilt the sweet taste of the nepenthe, love.''

I should certainly not take the responsibility of advising any one to settle at Home. No person should do that without going there and staying for a while, if he can possibly do so. But I strongly advise all Luciferites who live on or near the Pacific coast, and wish to have a pleasant outing, to try Home. They will find lively and delightful company there, and will get nearer the twenty-first century than they could anywhere else in the world. It is a very cheap place to spend a holiday. I stayed with friends myself, but I think I am right in saying that board and lodging cost 50 cents a day.

Those who wish to know about Home, and keep in touch with it, should read the ''Demonstrator,'' the local paper, which not only gives information about the place, but has excellent articles on social questions. It is edited by Charles Govan, one of the most charming persons in the community. It comes out twice a month, and the subscription is only 50 cents a year—much too small a subscription for financial success. The address is The Demonstrator, Home, Lakebay, Wash.

R. B. KERR.

LETTERS WITHHELD FROM MOSES HARMAN.

When our prisoner left the solicitous care of his guardians at Joliet the letters which they had considered improper for him to receive were given to him. The following is a list of letters and dates thereof: J. M. A. Spence, March 16; S. T. Hammersmark, March 5; H. A. Libbey, March 8; W. L. Cheney, March 16; Leroy Cummings, March 13; Ernst Ebel, March 10; Lucinda B. Chandler, March 17; C. M. Dyer, March 12; Oscar Schleif and other Philadelphia sympathizers, March 10; Juliet H. Severance, March 13; John Spallone, March 9; Ed W. Chamberlain, April 15; Helen Philbrick, March 28 and April 7; William H. Wilgus, June 25; E. B. Foote, Jr., April 17; J. Al Wilson, June 24; William L. Holt, M. D., March 10; A. Wangeman, April 27; Bertha Florence Johnson, May 3; C. B. Hoffman, April 23; Risden Stewart Asbury, May 4; J. P. Mitchell, April 16; John Irons, March 19; John E. Boultenhouse, April 7; George E. Bowen, March 25; Annie B. Fish, March 12; Edwin D. Kizer, April 11; Sarah S. Rockhill, March 29; C. N. and E. B. Greene, April 3; May Elmore Benson, April 5; A. C. Williams, M. D., April 6; Paul L. Saulter, April 4; Adeline Champney, March 19; Bolton Hall, April 2; Ada M. Morley, June 25; Emma Wardlaw Best, February 6. It appears that the letters were not so strictly censored after March and April.

Perhaps the friends may wish to read specimens of the letters which could not be admitted to a prisoner. On the envelope containing the following letter from Mr. Hammersmark is indorsed, "Hold by order of the warden":

My Dear Harman: Of course it is unnecessary to tell you that although we consider your imprisonment one of the most dastardly and high-handed pieces of governmentalism and persecution that has taken place in America, still we are pleased to know that we have so courageous and willing a martyr for one of the grandest causes that man has ever endeavored to fight for.

I was at 500 Fulton street yesterday morning and spent two very pleasant hours, and all the while I was there I felt myself honored to be in the house that was the home of a modern "William Lloyd Garrison." Three different parties took copies of LUCIFER to the Anthropological Society and I believe about fifty copies were sold there. Naturally the Social Science League asked for hearty support for the paper from its members, and we hope to prove ourselves practical as well as sympathetic friends of LUCIFER.

I almost wish I were in your place, and if I knew of some way that I could get there with as much honor to myself and as great a disgrace to the state and the nation I would feel myself a very lucky man.

Hoping the day is not far off when we may again have the pleasure of seeing you at the various liberal meetings, and that you may retain your health until again free, I am, very truly yours,

SAMUEL T. HAMMERSMARK.

A souvenir card, bearing the picture of the Shakespeare monument in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and this written message, was withheld:

Dear Friend: Passing through the park we saw Mr. Shakespeare. He is glad that he lived in the "Dark Ages" and ceased writing long ago. With love, MARTHA AND ERN ST EBEL.

The words of Emerson and Thoreau would, perhaps, be not conducive to prison discipline, so they, too, must be excluded:

ON TRAIN, April 2, 1906.

Dear Mr. Harman: When I look at your portrait I feel as Emerson did when he went to see H. D. Thoreau in jail for refusing to pay taxes to support a wrong-doing state.

Said Emerson: "What are you doing in there, Henry?"

Said Thoreau: "What are you doing out there, Ralph?"

If you do not know Ernest H. Crosby's poem, "Woe to the cause that has not passed through a prison," I should like to send it to you. Your admiring friend, BOLTON HALL.

My Dear Mr. Harman: Words are inadequate to express my appreciation of and satisfaction in your heroism. It is a noble and beautiful manifestation of human capacity and grand manhood you are spreading upon the panorama of history for the coming years to glorify. I inclose a circular I prepared twenty-three years ago. It's beyond the stretch of my imagination to conceive why humanity has continued up to the present stage of evolution in intelligence to act, in regard to sex, like beings void of reason. The crimes committed against woman in wifehood and against the unborn child are a shocking record. Though you are a legal prisoner you are not beset with the torments John D. Rockefeller is now enduring. He is now in New Jersey, where the Ohio state's attorney cannot reach him by any process of law. Guards are ordered to shoot any one who attempts to enter his domain. How free and comfortable you are in your prison cell, compared to the "richest man in the world!" I hope you have access to fresh air and sunshine when there is any. I hope you can sleep well. I wish your friends could relieve you by spells and try the life in Joliet and let you have a vacation. I would gladly take a week or two. The law of compensation sooner or later will return amply the reward of your faithful devotion to justice, freedom and the enlightenment which can lift the race above the disastrous effects of bondage to brutal habits and the degrading conduct of ignofance. Ever in esteem and sympathy, yours,

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

The fact that the writer of the following letter is a minister of an orthodox Christian church (the Union Congregational, of Green Bay, Wis.) did not avail to gain admission of his words of cheer to the prison cell in Joliet:

Dear Friend Harman: Just a word of hearty greeting and good cheer! This outrage from which you suffer will surely stir the heart and nerve the hand of every lover of justice and hasten the day of emancipation.

But apart from the violation of our constitution in the matter of free speech, I wish to say, after having read LUCIFER for years, that to my mind your discussion of the sex problem, far from being objectionable, has always been conducted on a high moral plane. While not agreeing with many of the views expressed, I cannot understand how any but a debased imagination could find anything "obscene" in the columns of your paper and its teachings concerning sex relationship.

Society is cursed with ignorance on this subject, and this ignorance is the mother of vice and prudishness. Long may LUCIFER live to spread the light and create a more wholesome public sentiment on this vital question.

With every good wish, I remain, yours cordially,

J. M. A. SPENCE.

Dear Mr. Harman: It is pretty hard to obey your request and not write in a revengeful spirit in regard to the men who were instrumental in putting you where you are, as I believe that *responsibility cannot be divided*, and that *individuals* have done this thing.

However, I am doing my little to help along the matter of your freedom if possible, and hope we shall see you out long before the year is up. It is well that *you* are *not* revengeful. *My* blood has been *boiling* ever since the outrage. Yours very truly,

W. L. CHENEY.

Dear Friend Harman: I am very glad to see by an item in a recent paper that the prison keepers have had the decent consideration to give you a cell to yourself. I trust I may interpret this act on their part to mean that they are coming to understand you and to have some appreciation of your true character. When Blue Grass Moore was in prison he won the highest respect from Warden Coffin, who treated him with the utmost kindness and made him the editor of the prisoners' paper. Possibly if your warden is any kind of a decent fellow you can do the same thing with him.

I am glad also to notice by this item that you are at least holding your own as far as health is concerned. Keep up a stout heart. With your vitality you ought to come out of this ordeal with very little if any impairment of your health. Before you receive another letter from me I will have celebrated my sixty-fourth birthday. I see that you are more than eleven years older than I. "Old enough to know better," as Landis would say. Perhaps as he advances in years he may come to "know better." Let us hope so.

LUCIFER is well conducted during your retirement. On that score you have nothing to worry about. I trust your philosophy will induce the same composure and contentment as cheered those illustrious prisoners, Daniel DeFoe and Leigh Hunt, in their confinement. Think of me as remembering you kindly and reverently.

ED W. CHAMBERLAIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MOSES HARMAN.

The latest photographs of the editor of LUCIFER, taken alone, and also photograph taken with his infant grandson, are for sale at this office. Price, 25 cents each.

LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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E. C. WALKER, 244 WEST 143D STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—*Same.*

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—*Same.*

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—*Same.*

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—*First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.*

Letters for LUCIFER should be addressed to Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

Money orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

THOUGH "SILENCED," HIS WORDS STILL LIVE.

At my last visit with my father he asked me to use in LUCIFER some favorite passages which he had marked in a copy of "Emerson's Essay." While copying some of them for No. 1069 I thought that in those words was a direct message to his friends, and so Emerson's sentences took the place of the "silenced" editor's own expressions. And then the thought occurred to me that in the old copies of LUCIFER exists a treasure-house of my father's work, and I decided to republish in each issue of LUCIFER at least one of the editorials written in the years gone by. They will be entirely new to many of our readers, and I am sure that those who have read them will not be averse to again seeing them. I shall endeavor to select those which are of present-day interest, and trust that this republication will have the approval of our friends. L. H.

WOMAN AND THE HOME IN THE PAST AND FUTURE.

time in the history of this mundane sphere called Earth when there were no individuals, that is to say, no organisms, vegetable or animal, living on its surface or under its surface. The earth was a formless mass of molten lava, gradually cooling and hardening into homogeneous granite. Then came the slow process of disintegration, separation, differentiation (evolution) by and from which, in course of time, came individual plants and animals. These at first were scarcely organisms at all—some of the animals, for instance, seeming to have but one part, one organ—stomach—and propagating by fission or by simple division. Then by slow and almost imperceptible steps came more complex organisms or individualized entities, until in the "fulness of time" came man, woman.

Since the human plane was reached by the animal man, evolutionary progress seems to have moved in cycles—it has had its ebbs as well as its flows. In many lands are to be found remains of a higher culture, a better development than exists there today. Instance Syria, Egypt, Greece, India, Spain, Rome, Central America, Peru, etc. In most of these instances the history of decay and retrogression is so meager that we can only guess at the causes thereof; but so far as we can learn from such sources as we possess, these past and gone civilizations died of too much state socialism, too much centralization—died from and by the failure to preserve a robust and virile individualism among the units. Take the Greeks, for instance. In the progressive period of their history there was but little of state socialism among them—but little of nationalism. They were a congeries of individualized communities (not a nation), in which the individuality of the citizen was strongly marked and carefully guarded. The individuality of woman, as well as of man, was a marked feature of Grecian social life. Divorce was easy and readjustments reputable, not difficult and disreputable as with us. In Music Hall, Topeka, a few years ago, I heard a distinguished lady lecturer and editor, who had apparently devoted much time and thought to the subject, say that Grecian manners were so free and natural that their women were a "nation of courtesans," or words to that effect. Among the Greeks what were called "sons of God," or sons of the gods, were very common. That is to say, whenever a boy or man displayed unusual genius his paternity was at once attributed to some one or other of the popular deities, and this without dishonor to the mother. And this again was but another way of saying that "natural selection" got in its work in those days—that womanhood did not scruple to attract to itself, to select and to fuse with, the best specimens of manhood within its reach, regardless of artificial codes, thus forming *chemical* unions, love unions, whose resultant product was better than the product of the merely *mechanical*, unloving unions of more artificial (man-made) social codes. And thus it is accounted for that in the earlier and better days of the Grecian autonomies, before centralization, nationalism, had destroyed individualism, Greece produced more men of genius, more statesmen, orators, poets, generals, etc., to the square mile or acre than any country of equal area of which we have any authentic history.

With the culmination of the early Grecian culture the evolutionary wave appears to have reached its high-water mark—a mark so high that the waves that have since followed have not been able to reach—and why? Is there a better, a more satisfactory reason to be given than that in all the intervening ages womanhood, motherhood, has been less free? Like *mother* like son, is a much truer aphorism than like father like son. Womanhood, motherhood, has been cramped by artificial restrictions, and anti-natural standards of morality, and the result has been a *dead level mediocrity*, or worse, in the most important product that any land or clime can produce, viz: its children—its crop of men and women.

Now, once again, after a lapse of some twenty centuries or more, the human tide seems to be again approaching high-water mark, and to be approaching it in the same way, viz: through an enlarged freedom of womanhood, motherhood. The revolt against ecclesiastic and statutory rule over womanhood is becoming general. The increased frequency of divorce has alarmed the clergy, the self-elected guardians of sex-morality, all along the line, and with one consent they demand more stringent laws against divorce. Marriage-law morality is voted a "failure" by thousands of the best minds of both sexes. Hundreds if not thousands of the purest, the brightest and best of women are now "out on a strike," a strike against monopolistic man-made marriage laws and customs. They say if they cannot get employment as mothers on their own terms, if they cannot have children without putting their necks under the yoke of marital bondage, they will not have children at all. May we not cite as examples of these strikers, the Willards, the Anthonys, de Cleyres, Wixons, et al., of our time?

Of course this "strike of a sex," like all labor strikes, must be settled—settled at some time in some way—but how? Shall it be settled by the yielding of the strikers to the autocratic, monopolistic demands of the robber barons, the priests, the magistrates and the Grundies? Or will the strikers win? . . .

That we are yet far away from the realization, the practicalization, of this revolution, I am fully aware. That its accomplishment will involve much of suffering, much of anguish, of conflict and of seeming loss, I fully believe. That it will involve "the sundering of 'legal ties' in many homes," must be conceded to begin with. In fact, the complete triumph of the new regime—woman's reign in the domain of Love, and of its fruits, the creation of a better and higher race, a race as much above the present standard as this is above the troglodytic ape—the realization of this dream of a Golden Age yet to be, will involve the complete reorganization of our social and economic systems, even to the substitution of the coöperative

individualistic home instead of the segregated monogamic and yet communistic homes that we now have. Many abortive attempts at realizing the very evident advantages of the coöperative home have been made, and yet the hope is growing stronger and more widely spread, as the years go by, that these efforts will yet be crowned with success. The chief cause of failure hitherto doubtless has been the narrow selfishness and jealousies inseparable from the monogamic and polygamic systems of sex-association. Abolish these, outgrow these, and let them be replaced by individualism, self-ownership, woman's paramount right of initiative and control in the realm of propagation and of sex-association, and the most formidable barrier in the way of the realization of coöperation in the home will have been forever removed.—*Moses Harman in Lucifer, 1891.*

THE EPITHETS OF HYSTERIA.

A presupposition usually is a prejudice, and a prejudice, as all but those whom it possesses know, is an emotion, unamenable to reason, oblivious of facts, and hence unable to meet facts with anything more weighty than school-girl ejaculations. To those thus possessed, getting off from the starting-post of an undiscriminating aversion to the word "pardon," it necessarily follows that that term at the head of the paper asking for the release of the editor of LUCIFER blinds them to all that the paper expresses. They, like the traditional master of the herd, see nothing but the red signal which they hate.

As a matter of fact, of course, the word "pardon" in the title of the paper which was prepared in Mr. Harman's behalf was a mere incident of form, unessential in the minds of all who had to do with the drafting of the document, its use one of the preliminary technicalities that cleared the way for the essential, serious, important work that was to be done. In this request for the release of the imprisoned editor there was nothing servile, nothing cringing, nothing humble nor humiliating. It did not ask for the forgiveness of a wrong committed by the prisoner, but for the redress of an injustice committed against the prisoner. It reasoned; it did not implore. It marshalled facts and arguments; it did not grovel. It was dignified; not abject. It showed why Moses Harman as an innocent man should have justice; it did not beg for mercy for a repentant criminal.

All this stood out in letters of light in every line of the paper itself, for all to see whose eyes were not closed by a presupposition, a prejudice. *These* could read with the mind's eye no farther nor deeper than the surface of the title-line. EDWIN C. WALKER.

244 West 143d street, New York City.

THE BURDEN OF LARGE FAMILIES.

Formerly among people of all conditions and beliefs the idea that a man could deliberately choose to remain single and continent, or that a woman could prefer to employ her time in some other way than in the nursery and the kitchen, seemed too absurd to be believed, and yet this idea was in many cases the direct outgrowth of unhappy experience. How many a gifted boy among a large tribe of ordinary brothers and sisters has been obliged to forego all his hopes and dreams because of the necessity of working for the general subsistence! And with the gifted daughter the case was still more frequent and more fatal. The elder sister of an increasing swarm, however superior she might be, was doomed to be the dry-nurse of all the rest, until, tired out with maternal duties by proxy, she no longer desired maternity for herself. In those days the family was everything, the individual comparatively nothing. In these days the rights of the individual are beginning to be considered, and the change is already working for good, physically, intellectually and morally.—*Elizabeth H. Evans, in Truth Seeker.*

SUSTAINING FUND.

Joe Trounson, $1; Albert Steinhauser, $1; Lucinda B. Chandler, $1; F. E. Leonard, $1; Minnie Lothringer, $4; C. N. Greene, 50c; Paul Robin, $1; E. S., $1; S. Gelus, $1.50; A. B. Fish, 50c; F. Bielefeld, $2; a Chicago Friend, $5; C. S. Darrow, $10; Dr. R. M., $5; J. W. Kelley, $5; a Peoria Friend, 75c; Martin Nortvedt, $1; O. L. Harvey, $1; Louis Roser, $5.

Sex-life, too, is struggling toward perfection; the problems besetting it are many, and cannot be fully answered today, but the future will certainly answer them fully and to the highest good of the race.—*Margaret Morley, in "Life and Love."*

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.

Today Moses Harman is 75 years 9 months and 8 days old. He has served 143 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor.

His crime was the admission into LUCIFER of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of LUCIFER and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, 5326, Box 7, Leavenworth, Kan. Purely private subjects should be avoided, as all letters are read by prison officials and withheld if not approved. Do not ask questions requiring answer. All such questions, matter pertaining to LUCIFER, changes of addresses, etc., should be sent to the office, 500 Fulton street, Chicago. The following are the prison rules concerning visits and correspondence:

To the person receiving this letter: Do not come to visit prisoners on Sundays, Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas or Saturday afternoon. You will not be admitted. Parties corresponding with prisoners must carefully comply with the following directions, viz.: Write plainly in the English language only. Confine yourself strictly to family or business affairs. Correspondence about criminal and indecent matters will not be tolerated. In addressing letters and newspapers, write the prisoner's full name and register number plainly in ink on the envelope or newspaper wrapper in order to insure the prisoner receiving them. All letters and newspapers improperly addressed will be returned to the post-office. Do not write anything on newspapers, magazines, books, etc. Postage stamps and stamped envelopes will not be admitted. Postage stamps are furnished by the government. Daily and weekly newspapers of a respectable character, magazines, religious papers and books, family photographs, comb, brush, tooth powder or soap, tooth brush, small hand mirror, suspenders and plain white handkerchiefs are admitted during the prisoner's good conduct. In sending letters, newspapers, books, etc., use postage stamps enough

to insure delivery. All letters, papers, magazines, etc., are closely examined before being delivered to prisoners. Money may be sent by draft or postal order. If sent in any other way it will be at sender's risk. All moneys received will be kept in the office to the prisoner's credit and paid to him on his release, or it may be sent on his order, upon the approval of the warden, to his relatives and friends. No eatables, liquids, tobacco or cigars will be admitted, nor any articles except those mentioned above. Chewing tobacco and toilet soap are furnished by the government. No smoking permitted. Prisoners can write letters but *once* every *two weeks* and see their friends or relatives not oftener than once every four weeks, except on special written permit of the warden obtained before coming to the penitentiary. All letters and newspapers addressed to prisoners, with the full name and register number written plainly in ink on the envelope or wrapper, should be sent in care of P. O. Box 7, Leavenworth, Kan.

To the prisoner: Write plainly in English. Do not interline. Put but one line of writing on each ruled line. Letters addressed to "General Delivery" in cities of 10,000 inhabitants and over will not be mailed. Letters addressed to prisoners and received from prisoners in penitentiaries, reformatories and jails will not be mailed or admitted. Correspondence with prisoners discharged from this penitentiary not permitted.

ANOTHER BRIEF GREETING FROM THE U. S. PRISONER.

On Train, June 29, E. M. 306.

After a lapse of four months and two days I find myself again on the Santa Fe train, in charge of the same deputy marshal that conducted me from Lucifer's office to the state prison at Joliet, bound for the United States penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. I know not whether the change from state to national management will be an improvement or not, but am optimist enough to hope for better conditions at Fort Leavenworth. And now that I am free for a few hours to write letters that will not have to pass the ordeal of a prison censor, I will try to tell the faithful friends who remembered the prisoner in bonds by writing to him or calling upon him, also those who may have sent him messages of cheer and hope over unseen wires, something of what I have experienced during the four months since my letter entitled "Greeting and Farewell," written under the same difficulties as now—the shaking of the train, added to the temptation to talk to my fellow passengers, several of whom have expressed much interest in my case.

My main trouble has been the failure to get a cell to myself—except for five days—and the condition, body and mind, of the men with whom I was doomed to inhabit a stone cell 4 feet wide, 6½ feet high and about 6½ feet long. These men are both physical wrecks and much of the time mentally deranged. The first is a Polander, speaking very little English and reading still less. He is now in the hospital slowly dying of tuberculosis. I was with him nine weeks. His cough was simply terrible to hear, so hard and so nearly incessant, especially at night. My bunk was less than two feet above his. I was not allowed to sleep with my head at the opposite end of the bunk, consequently was compelled to inhale the air thrown off from his lungs. This was only half the trouble. His consumption of tobacco was unusually constant, and his use of the night vessel to relieve a chronic dysentery—from three to six times per night—continued without intermission the whole of the nine weeks—to the best of my recollection. He was morose and misanthropic, often to the verge of downright insanity, repelling all advances towards friendship or civility on my part. The second cell-mate was different—a strong man in muscle, weighing 225 pounds, and yet a physical wreck—a tobacco fiend; 55 years old, but so shaky in his nerves that he could seldom thread a needle; a man who, when not under the influence of passion, could talk rationally, even *penitently*, yet when the humor seized him was a very devil incarnate for unreasoning abuse, tongue-lashing or vituperation. Whatever I did or did not do was nearly always *wrong*. If I held my tongue and was silent, then I was accused of "sulking"; and if I answered, in any way, whatever I might say was met with a fresh outbreak on his part. He killed a man in Chicago last summer and was sentenced to ten years in Joliet; said he had no friends, either outside or inside the prison; had no money to buy even a tooth-brush or tooth-soap. Twice I supplied him with these articles—he lost the first brush and box of soap—at a cost of $1; gave him a pair of eye-glasses for which I had paid $1; gave him a picture of myself and grandchild, for which he had frequently asked and which he declared he *must* have, else he would *kill* himself or do some other desperate thing; and yet when I began to cough at night and disturb his rest he scored me unmercifully because I would not be guided by him in matters of hygiene, declaring that I, "knew too much" to keep myself well, that I was a d—ned old crank on the questions of diet, bathing, etc., and if I would have sense enough to listen to him I would not cough and disturb his sleep.

Finally, after nine weeks of purgatorial life with my second cell-mate I succeeded in getting a *divorce* from him and was given a cell to myself—just two days before the order came for my transfer to Fort Leavenworth.

From this hasty description of my two cell-mates I hope my readers will not infer that I am leaving Joliet with feelings of hatred or revenge in my heart for these two unfortunately organized men and for the officers who shut me up with them, in a living tomb, and who persistently turned a deaf ear to my requests for a separate cell or for a change of some sort. If I can now get rid of the harassing cough referred to in the last two paragraphs I shall freely forgive and try hard to forget whatever cause of revengeful feeling I may have suffered at Joliet.

M. Harman.

* * *

Kansas City, Mo., June 29, 1906, 9:30 P. M.

On leaving Joliet I hoped to be able to write a long letter for publication in Lucifer, but after writing a letter to Daughter Lillian I met so many people on train who wanted a part of my time that before I was really aware of how the hours were passing the afternoon was gone and my letter for Lucifer hardly begun. The train shook and rocked so badly that it was very difficult to write. Moreover, the marshal and others have encouraged me to hope that the warden at Fort Leavenworth will grant me writing privileges similar to those allowed me by Warden French at the same institution ten years ago, and that it is not really necessary for me to write a long letter now for publication in Lucifer.

At the Union Depot, Kansas City, Mo., we were lucky enough to meet Son George, from Valley Falls, to whom I had sent a telegram from Joliet to meet us here. Now we find a delay of nearly an hour must be endured before a train can be had to take us to Fort Leavenworth. This gives time for a few more lines—time all too short in which to give even a synopsis of experiences of the four months at the Illinois state prison.

That the prevailing spirit animating the officials at Joliet is a very different one from the spirit shown by the wardens and other officers of Kansas state prison, and also of the federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, was clearly impressed upon my consciousness during the past four months. By thus saying I do not mean that my experiences with the Joliet officials were all of an unpleasant character—not so, but rather that there was much less of the brotherhood spirit shown by the Illinois management than by the men in similar positions I have met with in Kansas twelve to fifteen years ago. How I shall find the Kansas officials now, after the lapse of a decade, remains to be seen.

The light is so poor on the train, the Missouri Pacific train, on which we are now riding, I shall have to bring this greeting to a close. With best wishes and hopes for the future, and with sincerest thanks for all favors shown to myself and to Daughter Lillian and other workers in Lucifer's office, I once more say, Greeting and Farewell.

M. Harman.

* * *

The information concerning the treatment received by my father at Joliet, and its effect on his health, will bring pain to his many friends. They may, perhaps, wonder why so little has been said concerning the situation while he was enduring it. I myself did not realize how bad it was until my last visit to him, two weeks before his removal to Leavenworth. He then told me that at the time he entered Joliet the deputy warden said to him: "We have a place up on the hill here where we plant such fellows as you, and the sooner you go there the better." At another time, when he was working on the rock pile and had, through exposure, contracted a bad cough, and asked the same man, who was passing, to allow him to go to the hospital to see the doctor, he was gruffly told that he ought to die. On each occasion that his friends asked that he be assigned to a cell alone, they were told that it had been ordered and would be given him—with the result as given in his letter. Nothing, seemingly, could avail for better treatment at Joliet, and we could only hope for the transfer, the order for which probably arrived only in time to save his life. No other commentary on the difference in treatment is necessary than the fact that the man who was required by the officials at Joliet to break stone for long hours every day, exposed to physical and mental strain both by day and night, is, by the officials at Leavenworth, recognized as in need of hospital nursing and care.

It is difficult to fairly judge the motives of others, but I cannot

avoid feeling that there was a positive determination to break his spirit and, if not a desire to kill him, there was certainly no reasonable care taken that he should continue to live. And yet, while telling me of these things, he said, in commenting on the denial of the application for pardon, that he could not feel sorry that such had been the result. He would not and could not himself ask for release. He did not want liberty with an implied bond on the future. As long as he lives he will certainly publish LUCIFER, and if he dies it will be in furtherance of this life work. L. H.

LETTERS FROM LEAVENWORTH.

The following letters have been received since LUCIFER No. 1069 went to press. Some personal matter is omitted. As the federal prisoners at Leavenworth are allowed to write a letter at intervals of two weeks, it is probable that a letter will appear in each issue hereafter.

U. S. P., BOX 7, LEAVENWORTH, KAN., July 4, 1906.

My Dear Lillian: Was put into the hospital here Saturday last and have been well treated in hospital by physician and attendants to date. My chief trouble is the cough, which is quite severe at times, but not constant. The food I get here suits me better than that at Joliet. I get milk—sweet and clabber; stewed peaches; corn bread twice a week. The hospital is well arranged, on the third floor of the building, well lighted and well ventilated. There are about fifty beds, about half of which are now occupied by patients. All the guards and other officers I have met, including deputy warden, chaplain and surgeon, have treated me *kindly, considerately;* not a harsh or unkind word have I yet heard. Among the attendants and patients in hospital there is manifested a spirit of kindness, civility and courtesy that is gratifying, as contrasted with certain experiences I have met with elsewhere.

Since this letter was begun I have had a little outing in the prison yards, heard some music, some recitations, funny stories, etc. The prisoners were allowed to mix and talk freely for an hour or two. At dinner there was cake and bananas, besides the usual fare. Weather showery since I came here and not uncomfortably hot, day or night (in the hospital). Altogether, I am very well pleased with the change from the state prison at Joliet to the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan.—not *Fort* Leavenworth, which is the address of the *old* United States prison, from which I was discharged, after nine months' confinement therein, on the fourth day of April, 1896, a little more than ten years ago. Since my arrival here I have met four or five of the guards who knew me during my term at the old prison, and who now have each a kindly word of greeting for me.

As already indicated, I am much disappointed in getting no letters—or almost none, since the change of address. This is my fifth day here and only two letters and one card—one letter from Myra Pepper, inclosing a photo of herself and also a copy of the song beginning, "O what is the use of sighing." The other letter is from Mrs. J. N. Lake, inclosing copies of the "Carrier Dove" and of "Sweet Afton." Please write to these dear, good friends, thanking them for me for their words of sympathy, courage and hope, and for the copies of the good, old songs, the music of which I have retained in memory since childhood, but whose words had in great measure been forgotten. The card is from George and Louie Bedborough, of London, who have not failed to remember me once a week in the same way for many weeks. As the Bedboroughs are special friends of *yours* also—ever since your visit to them at their home, eight years ago—I hope you will not fail to write them a good letter and convey to them my hearty acknowledgments for their many kindly fraternal remembrances. While I am duly thankful for these letters and card I cannot help wondering *what has become of the rest*—when it is recalled that the average number of letters and cards received by me while in the Joliet state prison each day was not less than three or four—sometimes seven or eight. Perhaps you had better write to the chaplain at Fort Leavenworth federal prison and ask him if there are no letters sent by mistake in his care, intended for me at this place.

I shall hope that you can answer the letters sent to me—as well as those sent direct to you—and that you will, as soon as may be, write to *all* who have so kindly remembered me and say that next to personal visits—of which I am allowed but few—the receipt of letters is the greatest relief from the tedium and monotony of prison life.

Hoping your health will not fail under the strain of your manifold duties and hoping to hear from you *often*, if only a card, I once more bid you, my dear faithful daughter, an affectionate goodbye. M. HARMAN.

Best regards and love to all the household.

* * *

U. S. P., LEAVENWORTH, KAN., July 8, 1906.

My Dear Lillian: Once more I am permitted to write to you, for which privilege I try to be duly thankful.

Please thank Brother Wheeler for me for the help he is giving you in your routine work, also for his good letter, and say I hope that he and Hulda will continue to remember me with letters, as before my removal to Kansas. Also please thank the following named persons, whose letters have been forwarded to me since I wrote you, July 4, and say I hope to hear from them again and as often as is convenient or agreeable to them to write to me: T. F. Lee, Bolton Hall, Gertie Vose, George Bedborough, H. Hanson (Colo.), inclosing copy of resolutions and letter from Senator Patterson; Belle Chaapel, Lois Waisbrooker, "Justice," Sarah Stone Rockhill. Thank Brother Shepard for clippings inclosed, also for his promise to visit me if permission can be obtained from the warden, and also for his promise to meet me at the prison gate and conduct me to his Leavenworth home when the time comes for my release, as he did ten years ago when I was released from the old federal prison at Fort Leavenworth.

In regard to this proposed meeting, however, at the prison gate at the expiration of my term of sentence, while I most certainly hope to live till that date—December 26, 1906—it is by no means certain that I shall do so. I am now an inmate of the prison hospital, under medical treatment for *bronchitis*, complicated with catarrh of the stomach and other physical ailments. Whether these ailments are to have a fatal termination inside of six months is a question none can predict with certainty. Hitherto I have said but little respecting my physical troubles, not wishing to alarm my good friends who hope to see me survive my present incarceration, but sometimes it is well to look the facts squarely in the face. If I could command the conditions that I have found by experience to be best adapted to recuperation of health and energy, there is little doubt of a favorable turn in my symptoms, as I verily believe, before many days or weeks. Of course, this is not intended to mean an *impeachment* of the treatment I am receiving at the prison hospital. Physician and nurses are *kind* and *considerate*, and evidently wish to do all they can for me, bound as they are by the prison regulations. But while this is true, and thankfully acknowledged, the fact remains that life within prison walls, even in a well-regulated prison hospital, cannot supply the invalid with means of recovery such as he could command if *at liberty*.

I have said much more in regard to the condition of my health than I meant to say, and, after all, it may be that I am in a *pessimistic* mood today, and will take a much more optimistic view of the environment tomorrow. Whatever the result, however, of my present physical ailments, I try, as always, to take a philosophic view of the situation and console myself with the reflection that it matters little whether my individual life be prolonged another year, another decade of years, or not. The work to which I have devoted my very limited powers will be carried forward by others, is *now* carried forward by others, in a more effective manner than I could hope to do.

Please don't let anything I have said *worry* you, dear daughter. I am comfortably situated and do not suffer pain, except in my fits of coughing, which are not frequent. Love to all the household.

M. H.

SCIENCE VERSUS METAPHYSICS.

For thousands of years the race lingered in the early or art-period of knowledge. This was not for lack of intellectual activity, but from its misapplication. The ancient philosophers, disdaining nature, retired into the ideal world of pure meditation, and holding that mind is the measure of the universe, they believed they could reason out all truths from the depths of the soul. Despising matter, they were not drawn to observe and study it; despising labor as mental and degrading, they would not experiment; consequently they lacked the first conditions of science—observation, experiment and induction. They reason from fanciful notions to worthless conclusions, and the intellectual power of ages was thus wasted. Genius spent itself in beating the air; the philosophers wrestled with shadows; they chased each other round the circles of verbal disputation, they pursued the rainbow, disdaining the priceless gems which abound in the earth beneath. It was the period of inexperience, and

their mistake was perhaps natural, but it was an error that paralyzed the world. The first step of progress was impossible. There was no conquest of nature or liberation of man from the drudgeries of endless toil; no spirit of inquiry, no products of education or hope of improvement.—*Prof. E. L. Youmans.*

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